

London. Pub. Dec. 1800 by S. Fisher



*Thus we revel, dance and play!
Life with us is holiday.
Singing gaily as we go
On the light fantastic toe.*

London. Pub. Dec. 1800 by S. Fisher.



*Thus we revel, dance and play!
Life with us is holiday.
Singing gaily as we go
On the light fantastic toe.*

FISHER'S
Ladies and Gentlemen's
Musical Review
FOR 1801.

PRESENTING AN ELEGANT SELECTION

OF THE MOST

APPROVED FAVOURITE

SONGS

SUNG IN POLITE CIRCLES:

FROM

THREE FINGERED JACK;

Paul and Virginia,
The Review,
Indiscretion,
Of Age To-morrow,
What a Blunder,
St David's Day,
Magic Flute,

Iron Arm,
Moses and Mammon,
Black Pig,
Chaos,
Pirates,
Don Quixote,
Virginia,

Il Bondocani, &c.

With Remarks on their respective Merits, by whom Composed; and
where the Music may be obtained.

LONDON:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY S. FISHER,
No. 10, ST. JOHN'S LANE, CLERKENWELL;

ALSO SOLD BY

T. HURST, No. 32, Paternoster Row;
and T. TOWNLEY, Boston.

Price Sixpence.

THE
Ladies and Gentlemen's
MUSICAL REVIEW.

* THE CHARMS OF MONEY.

THOUGH Turks, Christians and Jews, so flatly refuse,
With each other to fast, eat or drink;
Yet they all hold it right, in one faith to unite,
And the faith they hold fast, is the chink.
Money makes the ugly pretty,
Brutes polite, and blockheads witty,
Can make a rogue an honest man,
Can set the world together running,
And what or force, or fraud or cunning,
Cannot do, that money can.
It can silence a dun, or a judge it can puzzle,
Can open his mouth, or can clap on a muzzle,
Can speak any language, East, West, North, or South,
Make Frenchmen look grave, or set Spaniards a dancing,
Make Swedes, Russians, or Britons still after it prancing,
Or make sleepy Myneer take the pipe from his mouth.
For money we fidget, and fume it, and fret it,
And half of us go to the devil to get it.

LITTLE BONDOCANI.

EACH coming day, joyous and gay,
We'll laugh and sing with hearts by sorrow never to be
wrung again,
Pleasure shall smile, our cares to beguile,
And happiness by virtue led shall crown our mirth,
Merrily the cymbals, taborets, and tymbals,
Will rattle till their music shall make my father young again,
Innocence enjoying, pleasure never cloying,
Each moment shall give to delight new birth.
Each coming day, &c.

* This, and the three following songs, are from the last new
musical drama of *Il Bondocani*. They are sung by Mr. Blan-
chard, Mrs. Mills, and Mr. Fawcett; the music by Attwood
and Morehead, but not yet published.

FISHER'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

Then too for me, what rapture to see,
A husband so stern melt at every tender look I give,
Others may fear the frowns of my dear,
But I can look saucy as well as he.
Then we'll suppose, though I blush to disclose,
What runs in my fancy as surely as I hope to live,
A little Bondocani, or may be a good many,
May furnish employment and pleasure for me.
Each coming day, &c.

PRETTY GOOD PRACTICE.

When at school not a fool e'er was I,
For the finger of scorn to be wag'd at;
So the law soon I saw best to try,
In hopes to be Cadi of Bagdat,
Soliman Shah was a lawyer good,
And he made me a very fine master.
He cheated his clients as fast as he could,
And he taught me to cheat 'em faster.
When at school, &c.

Justice, we know, should be blind as wife,
And in each of the causes I've fagg'd at,
I ne'er could see till a fee open'd the eyes
Of the worshipful Cadi of Bagdat.
Yet to be partial I ever was loth,
So my conscience to clear it a fact is,
That when two sides would bribe, I took money of both,
And thought it was pretty good practice.
For when at school, &c.

OUT OF OFFICE.

MUSTAPHA Beg was fond of war,
Cling, clang, cymbals jangle,
He took me out to camps so far,
March! fal de ral, de ral la!
Mustapha Beg
Lost an eye and a leg,
And died on the field for the love of glory,
While I from the fray,
With my gold ran away,
And am glad I'm alive to relate the story,
Fal de ral, so much for glory.

War, wine, women, I give up,
Cling, clang, all confusion,
For drum or gun, or sparkling cup,
That (snapping his fingers) fal de ral de ral.



FISHER'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

Though I've lost my place,
Pray where's the disgrace,
I've that in my coffers will ease all repining,
I may crack my jokes,
Like other great folks,
And when fairly kick'd out call it only resigning.
Fal de ral, &c.

ULALEE.

My cruel love to danger go,
No think of pain he give to me;
Too soon me fear like grief to know,
As broke the heart of Ulalee,
Poor Negro woman, Ulalee!

Poor soul! to see her hang her head
All day beneath the cypress tree;
And still she sing, "My love be dead,
The husband of poor Ulalee,
Poor negro woman, Ulalee!

My love be kill'd! How sweet he smil'd!
His smile again me never see;
Unless me see it in the child,
That he have left poor Ulalee,
Poor Negro woman, Ulalee!

My baby to my breast I fold,
But little warmth, poor boy! have he;
His father's death make all so cold
About the heart of Ulalee,
Poor Negro woman, Ulalee!

THE SPANISH GUITTAR.

A LADY, in fair Seville city,
Who once fell in love very deep,
On her Spanish guittar play'd a ditty,
That lull'd her old guardian to sleep,
With a hoo tira, tira, &c.
Her guardian not given to dozing,
Was thought the most watchful of men;
But each verse had so sleepy a closing,
That he nodded, but soon woke again.
With a hoo tira, &c.

* This and the following air are selected from the popular pantomime of *Obi*, the music by Dr. Arnold. The first is sung by Mrs. Mountain, and the second by Miss Sims. They are published by Longman and Co. Cheapside.

FISHER'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

She touch'd the guitar somewhat slower;
Again he look'd slowly and wise;
And then the play'd softer and lower,
Till gently she seal'd up his eyes;
With a hoo tra, &c.

POOR LITTLE GYPSEY.

A poor little Gypsy I wander forlorn;
My fortune was told long before I was born;
So fortunes I tell, as forsaken I stray,
And in search of my lover I'm lost on my way.
Spare a halfpenny,
Spare a poor little gypsy a halfpenny!

I fear, from this line, you have been a sad man,
And, to harm us, poor girls, have form'd many a plan;
But beware lest repentance too soon cause you pain,
And attend to the lesson I give in my strain.
Spare a halfpenny, &c.

CUPID'S A MANIKIN.

Oh, whack! Cupid's a manikin;
Smack on the back he hit me a polter,
Good lack! Judy O'Flannikin!
Dearly she loves neat Looney MacSwolter.
Judy's my darling; my kisses she suffers;
She's an heiress, that's clear,
For her father sells beer,
He keeps the sign of the Cow and the Snuffers,
She's so smart,
From my heart
I cannot salt her.

Oh, whack! Judy O'Flannikin!
She is the girl for Looney MacSwolter.

Oh, hone! good news I need a bit;
We'd correspond, but learning would chagrin her;
Mavrone! I cannot read a bit;
Judy can't tell a pen from a proker;
Judy's so constant, I'll never forsake her;
She's as true as the moon,
Only, one afternoon,
I caught her asleep with a hump-back'd shoemaker.

* This, and the three following airs, are from the Reviews,
composed by Dr. Arnold, and sung by Mrs. Mountain, Messrs.
Johnstone and Fawcett. They are not yet published.

Oh, she's smart,
From my heart
I cannot but love
Oh, whack! Judy O'Flannikin!
She is the girl for Looney MacSwolter.

JACK OF ALL TRADES.

I'm parish-clerk and sexton here;
My name is Caleb Quotem;
I'm painter, glazier, auctioneer;
In short, I am a Jack of all trades;
I make a watch—I mend the pumps;
For plumber's work my watch is good;
I physic fell—I cure the rumps;
I tomb-stones cut—I cut the rumps;
Of little school-boy Jackies
Geography is my delight,
Ballads—Epitaphs I write;
Almanacks I can indite;
Graves I dig, compass and tight;
At dusk by the fire, like a good jolly cock,
When my day's work is done, and all over,
I tippie, I smoke, and I wind up the clock,
With my sweet Mrs. Quotem, in clover,
With my amen, gayman,
Rum Quotem,
Fashum fashum,
Putty and lead;
Stumps, rumps;
Bumps, rumps;
Mortar he thumps;
Signy-post daubery,
Split-crow, or scabberly;
Chimney, chimney;
Liquorish, stickerish,
Chizzle tomb;
Fizzle tomb;
Going, a-going,
Squall, pilla,
Song inditing, epitaph writing,
Steeple lound, corpse to ground;
Windfor soap, physic the Pope;
Home hop, shut up shop;
Punch-bowl crockery, wind-up clockery;
Many small articles make up a sum;
I dabble in all—I'm merry, and rum;
And 'tis heigho! for Caleb Quotem, O.

SWEET NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET Nightingale, thy tuneful song
Is soothing to my care;
Oh! still thy plaintive notes prolong,
And charm my heart's despair.

And, gentle bird, if near thy bow,
The blooming Emma rove,

Again thy melting cadence pour,
And charm the maid to love.

Then say, estrang'd from ev'ry joy,
In grief I waste my days;
In mournful themes my thoughts employ,
And love-inspiring lays.

Meek warbler, try thy tender art,
The scornful maid to move;
And teach the notes that sooth my pain,
To charm the heart to love.

Sweet nightingale, &c.

* HAL THE WOODMAN.

STAY traveller, tarry here to-night;
The rain still beats, the wind is loud,
The moon too has withdrawn her light,
And gone to sleep behind a cloud.
'Tis sev'n long miles across the moor;
And should you from our cottage stray,
You'll meet, I fear, no friendly door,
No soul to tell the ready way.

Come, dearest Kate, the meal prepare,
This stranger shall partake our best;
A cake and rather be his fare,
With ale, that makes the weary blest.
Approach the hearth, there take a place;
And, till the hour of rest draws nigh,
Of Robin Hood, and Chevy Chase,
We'll sing; then to our pallets hie.
Had I the means, I'd use you well;
'Tis little I have got to boast;
But should you of our cottage tell,
Say, Hal the Woodman was your host.

* This is a most charming ballad of Mr. Linley's; published, we believe, by Preston, in the Strand.

FISHER'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

* SANDY AND JENNY.

"Come, come, bonny lassie," cried Sandy, "awa,
While mither's a spinning, and father's afae,
The folk are at work, and the bairns are at play,
And we will be married, dear Jenny, to-day."

"Stay, stay, bonny laddie," I answer'd with speed,
"I winna, I munna go with you, indeed.
Besides, should I do so, what would the folks say?
O we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day."

"Lift, lift," cried he, "lassie, and mind what you do,
Both Peggy and Patty I give up for you.
Besides, a full twelvemonth we've trilled away,
And one or the other I'll marry to-day."

"Fie, fie, bonny laddie," replied I again,
When Peggy you wif'd to other day on the plain.
Besides, a new ribbon does Patty display;
So we canna marry, dear Sandy, to-day."

"Then, then, a good bye, bonny lassie," says he,
"For Peggy and Patty are waiting for me.
The kirk is hard by, and the bells call away,
And Peggy or Patty I'll marry to-day."

"Stop, stop, bonny laddie," says I with a snail,
"For, know, I was joking indeed all the while.
Let Peggy go spin, and send Patty away,
And we will be married, dear Sandy, to-day."

† PRETTY SALLY.

My native plains, and straw-thatch'd cot,
Are not the boast of wealth:
My parents bless the humble lot,
That gave content and health.
Thus lowly born, and humbly bred,
I seek no higher joys;
None'er from virtue will be led,
By flatt'ring gems or toys.
In vain the men, by artful wiles, press and beguile,
Attempt my schemes to rally;

* The poetry of this much admired air is by Mr. Upton; the
Music by Mr. Sanderion; and is published by B. Riley, Strand.

† This pleasing air is composed by Mr. Hook, and sung at
Fauxhall by Miss Howell. It is published by Bland and Wells,
lers, 23, Oxford-street.

FISHER'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

Though thus to win my simple heart,
They call me Sally, pretty Sally.

Pretty Sally,
Pretty Sally,
They call me Sally, pretty Sally.

Our high-born squire oft talks of love,
And London's gay delights,
Where art and nature jointly move,
To cheer their days and nights.
He'll raise me far above reproach;
And this is all his boast,
That I shall ride in gilded coach,
A blooming London toast.
In vain he strives, by flattery's art,
My humble schemes to rally;
Though thus to win my simple heart,
He calls me Sally, pretty Sally.

Not thus betrayed by arts or wiles,
I slight his offers free.
Young Robin's songs, and artless smiles,
Have greater charms for me.
Two roses growing on one stem,
No secret joys can prove.
Let great ones scorn. I pity them,
While blest with Robin's love,
From him I fear no subtle art,
My schemes of bliss to rally;
When, flowing from his constant heart,
He calls me Sally, pretty Sally.

• THE DYING SAILOR.

EACH sailor was fix'd to his gun,
While valour each breast did cleave,
And Jack Oakum undauntedly sung,
Unless when he thought of his Kate.
"Oh! protect her, ye powers!" he cried,
"If perchance to old Davy I go!"
With his sleeve wip'd a tear from his eye,
And then levell'd the piece at the foe.

* The words of this pathetic air are wrote by C. F. Barrett; and what adds still more to its merit, it is one of the last compositions of the late ingenious Mr. John Moulds. It is sung by Mrs. Barker, and is published, we believe, by Mr. Barker, nearly opposite Villars-street, Strand.

Grim Death mark'd this tar for his own;

Some grape-shot soon smote his brave heart;

He fell; and exclaimed with a groan,

"Must I thus from my Kitty depart?"

Here, Ratling," he to his friend said,

"Take this ring, the first token of love.

'Twas my Kate's. Give it her when I'm dead,

Ah! fate, why dost thou thus cruel prove?"

But, avast! 'Tis no use to repine,

Since fortune 's my life nearly doft;

For the laurel is sure to be mine,

Though my spirit is hovering aloft.

See, the foe to our flag doth submit.

Huzza!" he thrice feebly cried.

"Now resign'd to my fate, I submit;"

Blest his Kate, heav'd a sigh, and then died.

* THE WEEDER.

Poor and humble my station, a weeder by trade,

And in the sad school of adversity bred,

Unconscious of harm, fir, I never am sad,

But sing, as I'm picking the good from the bad:

"The world 's like a garden, o'er-run too with weeds,

Who, for want of good care, oft destroy virtue's seeds.

But for me, from her paths I'll ne'er prove a receder,

And still prize my virtue, although a poor weeder.

Although a poor weeder,

Although a poor weeder,

I'll still prize my virtue, although a poor weeder.

Young maids, like the rose, might look blooming and gay,

Wa'n't seduction's rank weed to bring them to decay;

And their dear reputation unsullied remain,

Did not slander and envy their character stain.

Nay, mankind might to honour untarnish'd succeed,

Could we weed from the world once ambition's rank weed;

And from virtue and honour ne'er prove a receder,

Would they list to the words of a poor little weeder:

A poor little weeder,

A poor little weeder,

Would they list to the words of a poor little weeder.

That bailiffs and lawyers are weeders, I own,

And are paid for removing the weeds of the town;

Yet with fraud and chicane they so oft spoil the deed,

That they frequently prove worse by far than the weed.

* This pleasing air is by the same author as the last, and is composed by Mr. Dubois.

FISHER'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

With a wish I'll conclude—May the weed of sedition
 Ne'er tempt Britain's sons, first, to change their condition?
 But loyalty flourish, in spite of weedeers,
 And the state be directed by judicious weedeers:
 By judicious weedeers,
 By judicious weedeers,
 And the state be directed by judicious weedeers!

? THE MONOPOLIZERS.

MONOPOLY, first, is the theme of my song:
 Yes, it is, by the Lord, as I'll prove ere 'tis long.
 Nay more, that mankind, both in high life and low,
 Make monopoly now, yes indeed all the go,
 Singing, fal la, &c.

But what is the end that my song would make known,
 Shall soon, with permission, be easily shown;
 For the beauty at Court, and the Bellinggate beauty,
 To monopolize man, think it part of their duty.
 With their fal la, &c.

There's the quacks too, and bailiffs; for each, in their way,
 Have an eye to monopoly, that I must say.
 Then throw in a lawyer, to mix with the evil,
 And the junto's a dish only fit for the devil,
 And his fal la, &c.

Then there's little Moses, whose money is lent,
 Which he does, to oblige you, at fifty per cent:
 And let a rich minor once get in his power,
 O Lord! how the Jew would the Christian devour,
 With his fal la, &c.

The miller and grasper too know how to cheat,
 For the one takes your bread, and the other your meat.
 But may all forestalling soon end in a smother,
 And the Devil forestall both the one and the other!

(Spoken)

At which ev'ry honest fellow will sing,
 Fal la, &c.

The soldiers and sailors, monopolists too,
 Shall each have a word, for a word is their due:

* The poetry of this popular song is by Mr. Upton, and the music by Mr. Broad, both of which are charmingly adapted to display the comic humour of Mr. Johannot. It is published by Mr. Edwards, Bridge Road, Lambeth; where all the fashionable songs may be had as soon as published.

May their courage and valour our courage increase,
And crown the whole world with the blessings of peace!

(Spoken)

Aye, and then who wouldn't sing,

Fal la, &c.

• FORGET ME NOT

FORGET me not, when friends and fortune smiling,
Midst sweets and flowers thy careless footsteps stray;
When lovers looks and tender words beguiling,
Would steal thy thoughts from him who wanders far away.
If e'er thy changeful heart exults in vows betraying,
Thou hear'st a wretched soul deep in the breast bewailing;
O think 'tis mine, my love, and dark despair my lot.
Forget me not.

When care and pain, with phantoms dread surrounding,
Appal thy trembling mind, forlorn, oppress'd,
An inward voice in tender whispers sounding,
Shall sooth thy boding fears, and fortify thy breast.
And round thy weary couch a gentle spirit lying,
Shall breathe these cheering notes in hush of mourners fighting.
"Faint not, dear maid, but think thy lover shares thy lot."
Forget me not.

When from her clay-built nest my soul departing,
Prepares a blissful flight to realms on high;
O should I see one tear of anguish falling,
To catch the falling drops, I'll leave my native sky.
Then round thy lovely form a watch incessant keeping,
And ev'ry sigh of love in thrilling transports sleeping,
I'll snatch thy constant soul to share in heaven my lot.
Forget me not.

† CRAZY JANE

WHY, fair maid, in ev'ry feature
Are such signs of fear express'd?
Can a wand'ring wretched creature
With such terrors fill thy breast?

* An elegant composition of Mozart's. Published by Longman and Co. Cheapside.

† This ballad has been set to music by several hands, among whom are Mr. Davy, Mr. Betts, Mrs. Bland, and Miss Abrams. We prefer the music by the latter; some of the passages are peculiarly characteristic. Mr. Laveny of Bond Street has the copy.

FISHER'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

Do my frenzied looks alarm thee?
 Trust me, sweet, thy fears are vain;
 Not for kingdoms would I harm thee;
 Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
 Mark me, and avoid my woe.
 When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
 Think them false—I found them so.

For I lov'd—ah! so sincerely,
 None could ever love again.
 But the youth I loved so dearly,
 Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Tenderly my young heart receiv'd him,
 Which was doom'd to love but once:
 He sigh'd—he vow'd—and I believ'd him;
 He was false—and I undone.

From that hour has reason never
 Held her empire o'er my brain;
 Henry fled—With him for ever
 Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn, and broken hearted,
 And with frenzied thoughts beset,
 On that spot where last we parted,
 On that spot where first we met,
 Still I hug my love-lorn ditty;
 Still I slowly pace the plain;
 Whilst each passer by, in pity,
 Cries—God help thee, Crazy Jane!

• THE DEATH OF CRAZY JANE.

In awful gloom, the tufted grove,
 Where sleeps in peace the luckless maid,
 No more re-echoes frantic love,
 Or wanton lends the shadowing shade.
 The bell now tolls, and warns the gay
 In distant boudoir, yet not in vain;
 For ev'ry stranger's heart to lay
 "Alas! no more is Crazy Jane."

Who wanders here with silent tread,
 Forbid him not; list to the strain:
 'Tis Henry weeps the mourner dead,
 O never to return again.

*This air is by an Amateur, the music is extremely pretty,
 and is published by Mr. Dale, 119, Cornhill.*

STANLEY'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

Now solemn tolls the doleful bell,
Tis for the fair which light were vain;
Say Friends around, who best each shall,
"Alas! no more is Crazy Jane."

• CRAZY JANE'S EPITAPH.

THE passing bell no longer toll'd;
And Crazy Jane in earth repos'd;
Her once sweet face was pale and cold;
Her once bright eyes for ever clos'd.
The mournful crowd press on to see
The rude-carv'd stone on yonder tree,
And oft shall their sad theme obtain
A pitying tear for Crazy Jane.
"Here lies, the simple turf beneath,
A lovely form in humble rest,
Where should have bloom'd the flow'ry wreath,
The willow waver'd in drooping head.
She sank a prey to hopeless love;
Trav'ler! thy roving eye refrain;
If her sad fate thy pity move,
One pitying tear for Crazy Jane."

† THE GHOST OF CRAZY JANE.

Ye who seek on yonder tower
At the dark and midnight hour,
And are often led to wander
Near yon gloomy moss-grown tower,
Start not, should ye deem I'm vain;
Fear not me, all dead is vain;
Tremble not, I cannot harm you;
I'm the Ghost of Crazy Jane.
Owls and Bats around my master
Hollow strains to hail the night,
Yet no hideous phantoms I utter,
Nor with shrieks the moon I smite.
Mine is no uncomely cry,
Truth betrayed the hapless fair;
Start not, but bemoan your prey
On the Ghost of Crazy Jane.

We are not acquainted either with the author or composer's name, and have referred this merely as a contribution to the other songs on this subject.
This ballad is by a lady of fashion, and published by Mr. Dale, 119, Cornhill.

FISHER'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

After years of phrenzied anguish,
 For my lover's perjured vow,
 Still in death I'm doomed to languish,
 Wand'ring, as ye see me now on land
 Know then, maidens, too believing,
 Lovers vows are often vain;
 Men are cruel, false, deceiving
 Trust the Ghost of Crazy Jane.

• BOUND PRENTICE TO A WATERMAN.

BOUND prentice to a Waterman, I learn'd a bit to row;
 But, bless your heart, I always was so gay,
 That to treat a little water-nymp, that took my heart in tow,
 I run'd myself a bit in debt, and then I run'd away.
 Singing ri tol fol de ral yeo ho, &c.

'Board a man of war I enter'd next, and learn'd to quaff good
 flip,
 And far from home we scudded on so gay;
 I ran my rig; but lik'd so well my captain, crew, and ship,
 That, run what will, why damme if ever I run away.
 Singing ri tol, &c.

With Drake I've sail'd the world around, and learn'd a bit to
 fight,
 But somehow I a prisoner was ta'en;
 So, when the Spanish jailor to my dungeon shew'd a light,
 I blinded just his peepers, and then ran away again.
 Singing ri tol, &c.

I've ran a many risks in life, on ocean and on shore,
 But always, like a Briton, got the day;
 And fighting in Old England's cause, will run as many more,
 But, let me face ten thousand foes, will never run away.
 Singing ri tol, &c.

† INCOME TAX.

Ye quidnuncs so queer, who thro' politics trudge it,
 And numble each crust of the minister's budget,
 Among the various ways he has found out to hink 'em,
 Don't you think he did the job in the Tax upon Income?
 Lord how the great folks must come down with the clinkum,
 When the gemman he goes round for the Tax upon Income.

* This popular air, sung by Mr. Wallack, is from the admired
 Spectacle of Iron Arm; the music by Mr. Sanderson, and published
 by Longman and Co. Cheapside.

† This popular air is by C. Dibdin, run. and published by Long-
 man and Co. Cheapside.

'Twould be droll if this tax & the 10 shillings should be collected;
Then from lawyers, you know, justice could not be expected;
The proctors their payments in valuations would make it;
The doctors pay in physio—but then who the deuce would
take it?

I'll tell you who we'd give it to, ('twould save us all our
clinkum)

To the gemman who goes, &c.

Should the gemman ask the barber's apothecary, he'd rather him
mayhap, Sir;

The cobbler too, for tythe in kind, would give his worship
Rump, Sir;

The baker'd give him stout weight when'er he chose to call,
Sir;

Except the baker was churchwarden, then he'd give him
none at all, Sir;

For we know no more what churchwardens do with the
clinkum,

Than the gemman who goes, &c.

Our cits are worth so many plumbs, our nobles too including
Their contribution, sure would make a national plumb pud-
ding,

Of which our foes to get a slice would try, ne'er doubt the
question;

But they find our British dumplings too hard for their diges-
tion;

And but for these, cook'd by our tars, we'd have but little
clinkum

For the gemman who goes, &c.

May the incomes of the rich ne'er be tax'd by venality!

But the incomes of the poor be enlarg'd by their liberality!

May the tax of war's terrible outgoings cease, Sir,

And Britons be blessed by the IN COME of peace, Sir!

'Till then may our tars make our foes find the clinkum

For the gemman, &c.

POWER OF LOVE.

GLORIOUS the ray glancing over the ocean,

That bids hill and valley display each gay hue;

Graceful the orange-grove waves in slow motion,

With joy as it hails the fresh morning in view.

* This and the following air is from *Paul and Virginia*. They
are sung by Mrs. Atkins and Mr. Townsend, composed by Maz-
zinghi and Reeve, and published by Goulding and Co., 45, Pall
Mall.

FISHER'S MUSICAL REVIEW

Yet vainly her beauties shall nature impart,
 But for Love's cheering sunshine, that reigns in the heart:
 All is delight, if kind Love lend his aid;
 And all is despair, if fond hopes are betray'd.

Sweet is the breeze that awakens the morning,
 Or murmurs at eve with the nightingale's song;
 Bright is the moon-beam, the streamlet adorning,
 While o'er the smooth pebbles it wanders along.
 Yet vainly her beauties, &c.

GOOD SHIP ALBION.

Our country is our ship, d'ye see?
 A gallant vessel too;
 And of his fortune proud is he
 Who's of the Albion's crew.
 Each man, whate'er his station be,
 When duty's call commands,
 Should take his stand,
 And lend a hand,
 As the common cause demands.
 Among ourselves, in peace, 'tis true,
 We quarrel—make a feud;
 And having nothing else to do,
 We fairly scold it out.
 But once the enemy in view,
 Shake hands—we too are friends.
 On the deck,
 Till a wreck,
 Each the common cause defends.

BAMBRA'S LAMENTATION.

Oh! red look'd the sun, on that fatal day,
 When poor me from my country white man tore away,
 While wringing his hands, BAMBRA sigh'd on the shore,
 "My Nigra, alas! is no more."

The sea it was troubled, and loud roar'd the wind;
 My heart too was troubled for him left behind;
 Then BAMBRA's hard lot all true lovers deplore,
 For he now, alas! is no more.

As the breeze swell'd the sea, so with grief swell'd his heart,
 For he vow'd that from Nigra he'd ne'er live apart;

*This and the following air are from the Egyptian Festival;
 they are sung by Mrs. Bland and Mr. Sedgewick, composed by
 Mr. Florio, and published by Goulding and Co, 45, Pall-Mall.*

So he plung'd in the sea, and far from the shore,
He sunk, and alas! is no more.

BOLD SAILORS.

The sailors bold at dangers smile,
With jocund note each day are found
To sing, amidst their rudest toil,
Responsive to the storms around.

For, like the billows, swell their hearts
With courage, as the compass true,
When from the topmast Jack imparts
"A sail, a sail, now heaves in view."

No dangers dreads that sailor's mind,
Who cheerful seeks an honest fund;
For he aloft a friend will find,
Whose country's good his deeds proclaim.
For like, &c.

• THE COMPLAINT.

I rise with the morn, I gaze on the sun,
Aurora's bright beams I see;
But I sigh with regret when day-light is gone,
For night brings no comfort to me.
I wander alone where the nightingales sing;
I traverse the sands of the sea;
They hear not my sighs, so no comfort they bring;
For what can bring comfort to me?

† JOHN BULL AND HIS MOTHER.

HERE'S a health to old honest John Bull,
When he's gone we sha'n't find such another;
With hearts and with glasses brimful,
Here's a health to Britannia, his mother;
For she gave him a good education;
Bid him keep to his church and his king;
Be loyal and true to the nation,
And then to be merry, and sing
Fol de rol lol de rol lol, &c.

* This elegant air is introduced by Mrs. Jordan in the popular Comedy of Indiscretion, the music by a lady of fashion, and published by Longman and Co. Cheapside.

† This popular air is sung by Mrs. Munden at Covent Garden, the music is by J. Blewit, and published by Jones and Co. Bishopsgate Street.

FISHER'S MUSICAL REVIEW

For John is a good-natur'd fellow,
 Industrious, honest, and brave;
 Not afraid of his betters when mellow,
 For betters he knows he must have.
 There must be fine lords, and fine ladies,
 There must be some little, some great;
 Their wealth the support of our trade is,
 Our trade the support of the state.
 Fol de rol, &c.

Some were born for the court and the city,
 And some for the village and cot;
 For 'twould be a dolorous ditty,
 Were we all born equal in lot.
 If our ships had no pilots to steer,
 What would come of poor Jack on the shoar?
 And our troops, no commanders to fear,
 Would soon be seiz'd robbers in shoar.
 Fol de rol, &c.

The plough and the loom would stand still,
 Were we made gentlemen all;
 All clothoppers, who then would fill
 The parliament, pulpit, and hall;
 Rights of man make a very fine sound,
 Equal riches, a plausible tale;
 Whose labours would then till the ground?
 All would drink, but who'd brew the best ale?
 Fol de rol, &c.

Half naked and har'd in the street,
 Were we wand'ring about, Sans Culottes.
 Would liberty find us in meat,
 Or equality lengthen our coats?

That knaves are for levelling, no wonder,
 You may easily guess at their views;
 Pray who would get most by the plunder?
 Why they that have nothing to lose.
 Fol de rol, &c.

Then away with such nonsense and stuff,
 Full of treason, confusion, and blood;
 Every Briton has freedom enough
 To be happy, as long as he's good;

To be rul'd by a merciful king;
 To be govern'd by jury and laws.
 Then let us be merry, and sing,
 This, this is true liberty's cause.
 Fol de rol, &c.

MONOPOLY.

MONOPOLY's now the grand rub,
 And from it less harm would ensue,
 If those who monopolize grub,
 Would monopolize appetites too,
 And monopoly's like to increase,
 For our very good friends we know where,
 Have among 'em monopoliz'd peace,
 And left us to fight for our share,
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

The Turks they monopolize wives;
 And by some wicked folks it is said,
 That's the reason why Turks all their lives
 Wears each a half moon on his head;
 And we know, tho' each married man here
 Finds one wife enough for his share,
 And beef's so confoundedly dear,
 There's cattle enough at Horn-Fair.

Yet candour might surely excuse
 Of monopolists some sorry elves;
 For doctors would be of great use,
 If they'd take all their physic themselves;
 Of lawyers, why much one can't be said,
 Their practice I would not condemn;
 But some people think, by the way,
 Old Nick will monopolize them.

Monopoly thrives every way,
 The assertion will stand by the test,
 For truth always carries the day,
 And we all know the wiser man's best.
 That's the reason our ladies, forsooth,
 Captivate both the bashful and bluff;
 For they're surely the sembler of truth,
 And, ecod, they go naked enough.

May the rich ease the poor of their cares,
 'Twould the sweetest monopoly bring;
 They'd gain all their hearts and their prayers,
 Like his honour, our father, the king!

May Britons each other befriend;
 For unity's England's best hope;
 And may every monopolist's end
 Be join'd to the end of a rope!

* This favourite ballad is written by C. Dibdin, jun. The music is by Mr. Ruffel, but not yet published.

• MARY AND HENRY.

'Twas spring, all nature, gaily smiling,
 Grac'd the fields with many a flower;
 Mary, love in thought beguiling,
 Dearly own'd young Cupid's power.
 In pensive mood she gain'd the spot
 Where first she saw her lad so dear;
 But ah! deserted was his cot:
 Poor Mary sigh'd, and dropt a tear!

She view'd the sea, whose bosom heaving,
 Late the angry storm had torn;
 When many a mournful fragment leaving,
 A hapless wreck was distant borne!
 She sees, with pain the shatter'd bark;
 What breathless form now floats to shore?
 'Tis Henry's corse!—Poor Mary!—Hark!
 That mournful cry!—She breathes no more.

A SAILOR'S CREED.

If a landman would know the true creed of a tar,
 Tell him, and quit his wish to delay;
 A sailor believes, foul or fair, peace or war,
 'Tis all for the best; come what may,
 His heart at humanity's yoke never nods;
 Honest sympathy beams in his eye;
 In battle successful: if not, where's the odds?
 He won't run, but with glory he'll die.

His home and relations he seems to forgo;
 But his country, new joys can impart:
 For a true honest tar, don't we all of us know,
 Finds a home in each Englishman's heart?
 Britannia's his Mother; his Brethren are we;
 And, besides, 'tis with rapture I sing,
 That each gallant lad who for us braves the sea,
 Finds a Father beloved in his King.

* This and the five following songs are from T. Dibdin's musical after-piece of *St. Patrick's Day*. The music is by Attwood; they are sung by Mrs. Atkins, Moss, Incedon, Fawcett, Simmons, Munden, and Miss Sims, and published by Goulding and Co., 45, Pall Mall.

TAFELINE'S WEDDING DAY

O how Tafeline hopes and fears to see the with-d-for day,
 So merry, blithe and cheery,
 When to church, in white array'd, the gaily trips away,
 To marry with her deary!
 Oh how fine my lad will be!
 Neat and spruce, and all for me,
 What a charming sight to see
 Tafeline and her deary!
 O how much she hopes and fears, &c.

O how ev'ry pretty girl will watch with eager eye,
 While I say, half-crying,
 The "Yes," which to pronounce each pretty anxious girl
 does sigh,
 Howe'er such with denying!
 Those who oft with scorn say nay,
 May repent the time when they
 Were ask'd to name the wedding day,
 And were not more complying.
 O how Tafeline hopes and fears, &c.

ALWAYS WELCOME.

At each Inn on the road I welcome could find;
 At the Fleece I'd my kin full of ale;
 The two Jolly Brewers were quite to my mind;
 At the Dolphin I drank like a whale.
 Tom Tun, at the Hoghead, sold pretty good stuff;
 They'd capital flip at the Boar;
 And when at the Angel I'd trippled enough,
 I went to the Devil for more.

Then I'd always a sweetheart as snug at the bar;
 At the Rose I'd a lily so bright;
 Few planets could equal sweet Nan at the Star,
 No eyes ever twinkled so bright.
 I've had many a hug at the sign of the Bear;
 In the Sun courted morning and noon;
 And when night put an end to my happiness there,
 I'd a sweet little girl in the Moon.

A PICTURE OF LONDON.

To sweethearts and ale I at length bid adieu,
 Of wedlock to let up the sign;
 Hand in Hand the good woman I look for in you,
 And the Horns I hope ne'er will be mine.

Once guard to the mail, I'm now guard to the fair;
 But tho' my commission's laid down,
 Yet while the King's Arms I'm permitted to bear,
 Like a Lion I'll fight for the Crown.

ELLEN AND LOVE.

Let fools follow pleasures,

Too certain to cloy;

Let misers hoard treasures

They dare not enjoy;

The earth owns no blessing,

Your William can prove,

So sweet as possessing

Dear Ellen and love.

Let the world, ever changing,

With falsehood abound;

Still fix'd, never ranging,

Shall William be found;

With thee, what desire

Can tempt him to rove?

What bliss can reach higher

Than Ellen and love?

JANE OF PENTONVILLE.

Throughout the town, no girl you'll meet

So exquisitely fair;

For she's as genteel as Bentick-street,

And bright as Berkeley-square.

The various charms of Jenny's face

Are rich as Ludgate-hill;

And beautiful as Portland-place

Is Jane of Pentonville.

Brilliant as Bond-street are her eyes,

Where Cupids make abodes;

Her voice is sweet as London cries,

And fine as Oxford Road;

Plump as St. Paul's her blooming cheek;

Her breath like Saffron-hill.

A sweeter lass in vain you'll seek

Than Jane of Pentonville.

A PICTURE OF LONDON.

For London is like to a mill going round,

Still noisy, and ever in motion;

Where wheels within wheels, hurry, bustle and found,

Revolve like the waves of the ocean;

FISHERS' MUSICAL REVIEW.

Where foolish and wise, rich and poor, bend together,
 Where fortunes are made, and men undone;
 Where money and wit are exchange'd for each other;
 And this is a picture of London now.
 Kings, poets, and statesmen, queens, counsellors, clients,
 In Westminster Abbey lie snugly;
 There's St. Paul's and Guildhall, where you'd like the two
 giants,
 If they were not so monstrous ugly.
 Then there's grand courts of law, and of equity too,
 If in either you chuse to be undone;
 For one with the other has nothing to do
 In the very fine city of London.

There's the Parliament-house, and the Tower so strong;
 The Monument reckon'd so high too,
 That if it were only as broad as it's long,
 Such a building you'd never come nigh to.
 There's great folks, and small folks, and show folks, and
 tall folks,
 In short, there's a vast deal of fun done;
 There's pleasure and pain, quite sufficient for all folks,
 Who visit the city of London.

SAMBO IN LONDON.

My massa, he buy me one negro in Guinea,
 Blackymo, woolymo, dress me gaud, O;
 My missie say, "Sambo, you now be no niany,"
 And slip, bless her heart, piece of gold in my hand, O.
 Den me tink, tink, &c.
 Sambo say, "bye, bye, go bye to Guinea,"
 Den me play on de cymbal, and make de bell ring, ring, A
 And tifs a pitty white girl, elle me be niny.
 Tifs a pitty, &c.
 Tifs a pitty, &c.
 Tifs a pitty white girl, elle me be niny.

My massa, he bring a me here in de ship,
 Slooper, boatemo, to see about O,
 Den me run here and dere, and me tita to dem hee,
 Dat buckra he swear, and wish me was out O,
 With my ting, &c.

*The music and words of this pleasing Indian ballad is by
 Mr. Upton. It is sung by Mr. Colgrove in the Pirates, but
 not yet published.*

Den Sambo he get on de English ground O;
 Stopemo, staremo, what a fine streets!
 Den de grand tings me see make my head to turn round O;
 And me hug all the women, its all that me meete,
 With my ting, &c.

• SPRIG OF SHELALAGH.

I'm a comical fellow, I tell you no fib,
 And I come from the bogs of Killaley;
 You may see I'm the thing, by the cut of my jib,
 And they christened me Teddy O'Reilly.
 I ask'd dad for a fortune. He answered so smart,
 He 'd got none for himself; so none could be part.

(Spoken)
 And so d'ye see I began the world
 With an Irish estate—that's a true honest heart,
 And a snug little sprig of Shelalagh.
 Dad's blessing along with me, off then I go:
 Success to the bogs of Killaley;
 And *Erin go brah* was the motto I chose,
 Like a sound-hearted Teddy O'Reilly.
 For if she did not flourish, what good could I do?
 Och, and then for her friends, I've a heart firm and true.

(Spoken)
 And as for her enemies, och, to be sure now, and I wouldn't
 give them a hand!
 Och, yes, but I would, and along with it too,
 A date little sprig of Shelalagh.
 Then I came to this town, where the world 's all alive;
 Success to the bogs of Killaley;
 And soon I learnt how many beans go to five.
 What a wonderful Teddy O'Reilly!
 My pockets were empty, my heart full of glee:
 Och, that was meat, drink, washing, lodging to me.

(Spoken)
 And then the young varginal! Och, to be sure, and I didn't
 make a few conquests; and the laurels, my dear jew-
 els, the laurels; arrah, and is it the laurels you're after
 meaning now?
 Och, the laurel that bangs all creation for me,
 Is a tight little sprig of Shelalagh.

This comic ballad, the poetry of which is by C. Dibdin, jun. has been sung by Mr. Johannott, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, with the greatest applause.

• **SOMEBODY, ANYBODY, NOBODY, AND
EVERY BODY.**

WELL, here I am to tell,
Because it is my fancy;
I lov'd a pretty girl,
And some folks call'd her Nancy.
Now Nance I thought lov'd me,
Or else I dreamt or read so,
And all, because d'ye see,
That somebody had said so.
La ral la ral la, &c.

'Twas but t'other night
I call'd a little mellow,
When out she popt the light,
And down stairs run a fellow.
Says I, "pray, who's been here?"
When she, who thought me boozy,
Gried, "Nobody, my dear,
Only Tom our puffy."
La ral la, &c.

"O curse that Tom!" says I,
"If he comes here a mousing,
My sweetest Nan, good bye;
I hate such damn'd carousing."
"But we shall wed," says she,
"And Every Body cries so."
Says I, "that ne'er can be,
Since Every Body lies so."
La ral la, &c.

So Any Body now
May take my charming Nancy;
Because, d'ye see as how,
She does not suit my fancy.
That Tom, that damn'd Tom cat,
Should Nance in marriage catch me,
Some strange things might mayhap
And now and then might scratch me.
La ral la, &c.

* This popular air, written by Mr. Upton, is sung by Mr. Johannot at Asley's, and is published by Jones and Co. 81, Shopsgate-street.

* LIFE LET US CHERISH.*

LIFE let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
 And the fresh flow'ret pluck ere it close.
 Why are we fond of toil and care?
 Why choose the rankling thorn to wear,
 And heedless by the lily stray,
 Which blossoms in our way?
 When clouds obscure the atmosphere,
 And forked lightnings rend the air,
 The sun resumes his silver crest,
 And smiles adown the West.
 The genial seasons soon are o'er;
 Then let us, ere we quit this shore,
 Contentment seek; it is life's zest,
 The sunshine of the breast.
 Away with ev'ry toil and care,
 And cease the rankling thorn to wear;
 With manful hearts the conflict meet,
 Till death founds the retreat.

† THE WHITE MAN.

THE loud wind roar'd, the rain fell fast,
 The white man yielded to the blast;
 He sat him down beneath the tree,
 For weary, faint, and sad was he.
 And ah! no wife or mother's care,
 For him the milk or corn prepare.
 The white man shall our pity share.
 Alas! no wife or mother's care,
 For him the milk or corn prepare.
 The storm is o'er, the tempest past,
 And mercy's voice has hush'd the blast;
 The wind is heard in whispers low,
 The white man far away must go;
 But ever in his heart will bear
 Remembrance of the negro's care.
 Go, white man, go, but with thee bear
 The negro's wish, the negro's prayer,
 Remembrance of the negro's care.

* A delightful air, by Mozart, published at most of the music-sellers.

† This is a beautiful verification of the negro song in the travels of Mr. M. Park, by her grace the Duchess of Devonshire. It is composed by Ferrari, and published by Monzani. Mr. Dale has also set it to music.

• POOR DICK MEADOWS.

Poor Dick Meadows, young and blooming,
 Liv'd belov'd by all he knew;
 Manly, gay, and unassuming,
 Ever to his Mary true.
 Poverty, though unlamented,
 Long had hover'd o'er his cot;
 Poor Dick Meadows liv'd contented,
 Mary's smiles enrich'd his lot.

Poor Dick Meadows, nobly scorn-
 ing
 What his comrades could bestow,
 Ere the lark proclaim'd the morning,
 Sought the forest with his bow.
 There the timid game pursuing,
 Danger, fear he heeded not;
 Poor Dick Meadows met his ruin;
 Death untimely was his lot.

Poor Dick Meadows, rashly daring
 Cliffs that bound the craggy shore,
 Hapless victim! fell despairing
 E'er to see his Mary more,
 From the cottage wildly flying,
 Chance soon brought her to the spot;
 Poor Dick Meadows there was dying;
 Mary snick'd, and shar'd his lot.

† THE THREE SIGHS.

NEAR yonder cliff there stands a cot,
 Long favor'd by the foaming tide,
 When Edward left the much-lov'd spot,
 With parting kiss, fair Anna sigh'd;
 "With Edward's presence bless'd to-day,
 But sad will be to-morrow.
 Adieu! adieu!" she scarce could say,
 And heav'd the sigh of sorrow.

Some months had pass'd in silent grief,
 When reason's voice resum'd its sway,
 Complaint she knew ne'er gave relief,
 So grew resign'd from day to day.

* This is a beautiful ballad, charmingly composed by Mr. J. Moorehead, and published by Lavenu, Bond-street.

† This ballad is set to music in a very pleasing manner by Miss Abrams, and published by Lavenu, Bond-street.

FISHER'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

Oft from the cliff she 'd plaintive cry,
"He may return to-morrow."

While thus she sang, hope's rising sigh
Reliev'd the sigh of sorrow.

And now the vessel homeward steer'd,
She saw the well-known token wave;

The faithful sight her bosom cheer'd,
The token she at parting gave.

Fond Edward cried, with ardent kiss,
"Thou shalt be mine to-morrow."

While thus he spake, the sigh of bliss
Dispel'd the sigh of sorrow.

• THE MANLY HEART.

THE manly heart, with love o'erflowing,
Each fairer virtue calls its own;

'Tis beauty's talk, soft smiles bestowing,
To share and soothe the lover's moan.

Hail, sacred love! thro' heaven and earth.
Hail, sacred flame, that gave us birth!

And love, the ills of life beguiling,
The soul in willing bondage leads;

And while to peace each trouble smiling,
Its potent sway all nature pleads.

Nor ought can dearer raptures prove,
Than the two fond hearts that truly love.

Love and truth, and truth and love,
Emulate the joys above.

AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

AWAY with melancholy,

Nor doleful changes ring,

On life and human folly,

But merrily, merrily sing

Fal la.

Come on, ye rosy hours,

Gay smiling moments bring;

We'll strew the way with flowers,

And merrily, merrily sing

Fal la.

* This, and the two following airs, are most charming compositions by Mozart. The first is generally preferred. They are published at most of the music-sellers.

For what's the use of sighing,
When time is on the wing?
Can we prevent its flying?
Then merrily, merrily sing

Falla.

WITHIN THESE SACRED BOWERS.

WITHIN these sacred bowers,
The wretch shall find repose;
No gloomy vengeance lours,
Soft pity heals his woes.
While friendship's hand his steps shall stay,
And hope shall point to brighter day.
Here, far from noise and folly,
Fraternal love presides;
And sweetest melancholy,
A hallowed guest, resides.
If scenes like these thy heart can share,
Then 'bide a welcome pilgrim here.

• MARIAN.

WHERE is the smile that was heav'n to our eye?
Where is the voice that enchanted our ear?
Nought now around us is heard but the sigh,
Nought in the valley is heard but the tear.

Blest is the cottage thy charms that adorn,
There shall the moments be wing'd with delight;
Pleasure with thee shall arise in the morn,
And rapture retire with thy beauties at night.

Marian! thy form was a sun in our shade,
Chas'd were the glooms where it beam'd on our plain.
Leave not, oh! leave not the verdure to fade,
Let not chill darkness surround us again.

Tell us what tempts thee to fly from the grove,
What is our crime that the valley should pine?
Say, dost thou pant for the conquests of love?
The hearts of the shepherds already are thine.

This ballad is very elegantly composed by Mr. T. Wilkins. Published by Longman and Co. Cheapside.

FISHER'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

• TOM STARBOARD.

Tom Starboard was a lover true,
 As brave a tar as ever sail'd;
 The duties ablest seamen do,
 Tom did; and never yet had fail'd.
 But wreck'd as he was homeward-bound,
 Within a league of England's coast,
 Love sav'd him sure from being drown'd,
 For more than half the crew were lost.

In fight Tom Starboard knew no fear,
 Nay; when he lost an arm, resign'd;
 Said, love for Nan, his only dear,
 Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind.
 And now, though wreck'd, yet Tom return'd,
 Of all past hardships made a joke;
 For still his manly bosom burn'd
 With love—his heart was made of oak.

His strength restor'd, Tom nimbly ran
 To cheer his love, his destin'd bride;
 But false report had brought to Nan,
 Six months before her Tom had died.
 With grief she daily pin'd away,
 No remedy her life could save;
 And Tom arriv'd, the very day
 They laid his Nancy in the grave.

† THE POPLAR GROVE.

The poplar grove his presence grac'd,
 Where William oft would bless me;
 The smooth-bark tree—the turf he trac'd
 With love-knots—now distress me.
 The silent lane, the busy field,
 All gladfome once, seem dreary;
 No place, alas! can pleasure yield,
 E'n life's a blank to Mary.

* This is a most pathetic ballad, from the opera of the Turnpike Gate, composed by Mr. Mazzinghi, and published by Goulding and Co. Pall Mall.

† This air is from the Turnpike Gate, composed by Mazzinghi, and well adapted to display the powers of the lady who sings it, (Miss Waters). It is published by Goulding and Co. Pall Mall.

THE BIRTH-DAY OF LAURA.

Listless shepherds droop no more,
 Winter's dreary reign is o'er;
 Balmy gales and genial showers
 Disclose the buds, and wake the flowers.
 See, see, Maria fondly bring
 The earliest infants of the Spring
 And see, yon festive bands advance,
 With choral song, in merry dance!

'Tis Laura's due; the sweetest song,
 The wreath, the dance, to her belong.
 This day with joy shall crown the plain
 Which added Laura to our train.
 Bright regent of her natal hour,
 O! ever grant thy guardian power
 O'er verdant mead or tow'ring hill,
 And careful shield her lambs from ill!

MORNING.

Hark! how sweet the milk-maid sings,
 While the mower whets his scythe;
 And the lark to heav'n's gate springs,
 Echoing back their carol blithe.

While Aurora's rosy hand
 Strews the earth with orient pearl,
 And zephyrs o'er the freshen'd land
 Waking, their odorous wings unfurl.
 Nature spreads a smiling scene,
 Fair as that of Eden's bow'rs;
 Where, with his spouse, the first of men,
 Walk'd forth, to taste the morning hours.

Let us rise like them, my love,
 Already hark! The cooing dove
 Calls us to the flow'ry grove,
 Nature's purest bliss to prove.

Wake, Maria, wake to love.

A beautiful canonet, by Rauzzini. Published by Longman and Co. Chancery Lane.
 This is a very pleasing duet, composed by Mr. Fife, and published by Longman and Co. Chancery Lane.

* THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

I LOV'D a sailor bold and brave,
 A nobler tar, you ne'er will see;
 He fought, and found a wat'ry grave,
 O think of him, and pity me.
 Why was not Mary by, to save
 Her gallant lover from the sea?
 Ah! no. He found a wat'ry grave,
 O think of him, and pity me.

† LISBIA.

Lisbia, live to mirth and pleasure,
 Careless what the grave may say;
 When each moment is a treasure,
 Why should mortals lose a day?
 Setting sun shall rise in glory;
 But when little life is o'er,
 There's an end of all the story;
 We shall sleep, to wake no more.

Grant me, then, content and pleasure,
 Sweet contentment I implore;
 That's the limit of my measure,
 If I've that, I'll ask no more.

† AFRICAN HOSPITALITY.

BLEAK blew the wind in ceaseless roar,
 In whelming torrents fell the rain;
 The white man, friendless, cold and poor,
 Exhaustless sunk upon the plain.
 Beneath the tree he weary lies,
 Nor heeds the storm his plaintive sighs.
 He lies, a stranger to repose,
 Without a friend to eam his woes.

* The beauty of this air consists in the pathetic simplicity of the music, by Spofforth. It is from a little collection of ballads called the *Twelfth Cake*. Published by Longman and Co. Cheapside.

† A pretty canzone, by J. G. Graeff. Published by Lavenu, Bond-street.

† This ballad is not yet set to music. The manuscript is in the hands of Mr. Corri, whose talent as composer is so well known, and so universally admired, that the Editor anticipates a very high gratification to the musical world as many no. 1 to 1000

FISHER'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

No mother's smile has bottom cheer,
 No sister comes to give relief;
 No tender wife to dry his tears,
 To soften or partake his grief.
 Let us the white man's wants supply,
 And think we hear a brother cry.
 If pity touch the heart within,
 It makes both black and white a kin.

• THE GYPSEY.

Show me that hand of spotless white,
 Great wonders there I see.
 Great store of treasure and delight;
 But first the gypsy's fee.
 Then now draw out with a grace,
 What fortune will soon replace;
 A silver cross
 Will be no loss,
 I can see by the lines of your face.
 Deep hid in every many line,
 Fresh blessings shall there be;
 Thy stars propitious e'er will shine,
 But first the gypsy's fee.
 Then now draw out with a grace,
 What fortune shall soon replace;
 A silver cross
 Will be no loss,
 I can see by the lines in your face.

† CALM THE WIND.

CALM the wind; the distant ocean,
 Where our ships in triumph ride,
 Seems to own no other motion,
 But the ebb and flow of tide.
 High perch'd upon his favorite spray,
 The thrush attention has bespoke;
 The ploughman, plodding on his way,
 To listen, robs the sturdy yoke.

* A ballad published, among some rascals, by Mr. Fido,
 all at Longman and Co. Cheapside.

† A most charming air from the Turnstile Gate, and replete
 with delightful music, by Mazzinghi. It is published by Gould-
 ing and Co. Pall Mall.

FISHER'S MUSICAL REVIEW

But see the loud-tongued pack in view
 The peopled hills the trees reposed,
 The sportsmen joining chorus too,
 And rapt'rous peals of joy go round
 Soon, soon, again, the scene so gay
 In distant murmurs dies away,
 Again, from lazy echo, cell,
 No sound is heard of mirth or woe,
 Save but the crazy tinkling bell
 The shepherd hangs upon the ewe.

* WILLIAM, LOST AT SEA

ERE sorrow taught my tears to flow
 They call'd me happy Mary;
 In rural cot my humble lot,
 I tript like any fairy;
 And when the sun with golden ray
 Sunk down the western sky,
 Upon the green to dance or play
 The first was happy I.
 Fond as the dove was my true love,
 Oh! he was kind to me;
 And what was still my greatest pride
 I thought I should be William's bride,
 When he return'd from sea;
 Ah! what avails remembrance now?
 It lends a dart to sorrow;
 My once-lov'd cot, and happy lot,
 But loads with grief to-morrow.
 My William's buried in the deep,
 And I am sore oppress'd;
 Now all the day I weep and wail,
 At night I know no rest;
 I dream of waves and sailors' graves
 In horrid wrecks I see;
 And when I hear the midnight wind,
 All comfort flies my troubled mind,
 For William's lost at sea.

† YOUNG WILLIAM

Young William was a seaman true,
 The darling of the bonny crew,

A ballad, of great merit, from the *Turnpike Gate*. Published by Goulding and Co. Pall Mall.

† The melody of this ballad is by Mr. Ingleton. It is a most pleasing air. To be had of Goulding and Co. Pall Mall.

For blythe he was, and kind;
 And though no logging lubber he,
 Right loth he was to go to sea,
 For Jane he left behind.

And Jenny lov'd, but all by stealth,
 Her father had great store of wealth;
 Of Will he would not hear;
 Till cruel chance one day reveal'd
 That passion they so long conceal'd,
 And William lost his dear,
 She, troubled, walk'd the beach in haste,
 And troubled look'd the wat'ry wastes;
 And by the dashing wave
 A corpse was wash'd upon the shore:
 'Twas William; and with tears they bore
 Two lovers to their grave.

• THE TUNEFUL LARK.

THE tuneful lark awakens day,
 And carols sweet his lively note;
 The wanton lambs wild gambols play,
 And chanticler extends his throat.
 Fond expectation hails the youth
 Who has lov'd me long, and loves me still,
 To hear him plight his vows of truth,
 While click click clack sounds the merry merry mill.
 He vows a ring he has bespoke,
 And I to wed him ne'er denied.
 O dear! how men and maids will joke,
 When I become his happy bride,
 With envy half the maids will die,
 For Harry half the men excels:
 Well pleas'd, we'll soon together bide,
 Where ding ding dong loved the merry merry bells.

† RALPH AND MOSES.

Isa zing you a whimsical lay,
 Bout a frolic that hap'd at our town;
 How a Jew did our last market day
 Take in a poor country clown.

• A pleasing pastoral ballad, set to music by Mr. Sanderfon,
 and published by Longman and Co. Cheapside.

† This air is an original, never before in print, written and
 adapted to the popular air of "The Pyeman," by C. F. Barrett.

FISHERY MUSICAL REVIEW.

He'd razors in plenty to sell,
Of their goodness he made great commence;
And, to make them go off glib and well,
Cried, "a dozen, sirs, for eighteen-pence."

Ri um ti idity a, &c.

"Od dang it!" cried Ralph, who rood bye,

"This yellow the razors must steal;

But, efackins, that's nothing to I;

Then they're made of the very best steel!"

So instant he lugg'd out his bag,

In order to purchase the lot;

Then set off amongst his neighbours to brag

What a woundy great bargain he'd got

Ri um ti idity a, &c.

Impatient their mettle to try,

Ralph gallop'd away to his room,

Where, because he'd no other brush bye,

He lather'd himself with a broom.

Then a razor he took from the set;

But his beard being bristly and black,

His tool it would not stand the test,

For the edge turn'd as blunt as the back.

Ri um ti idity a, &c.

In a rage then he threw it aside,

And grumbling took up another.

But when to his cheek 't was applied,

It prov'd just as bad as its brother.

He stamp'd, and he swore, like one mad,

And each razor he tried o'er and o'er,

And mutter'd as how he was bad,

And dash'd the whole lot on the floor.

Ri um ti idity a, &c.

"This Moses," cried Ralph, "is a cheat,

But for this he shall certainly pay,

As with him no doubt I shall meet,

When to market Ie carry our bay."

As he said, so it prov'd in the end;

For no sooner the Jew met his sight

Than, enrag'd, he cried, "barker, my friend,

To throttle thee would be but rights"

Ri um ti idity a, &c.

The Jew star'd like one in a maze,

And cried out, "at all it you're at"

"How durst you sell razors like these?"

Roar'd out Ralph, "cheat, come answer me that!"

At this Moses 'gan for to rave,
How it wa'n't using Honesty folks well;
For the swears were not made to *have*,
'Pon his conscience, but only to *fall*,
Ri um ti idity a, &c.

The mob, who the quarrel had heard,
Agreed that the Jew was a cheat;
And zeising old Smouch by the beard,
Did him most unmerciful beat.
Then they roll'd him in feathers and tar,
And set up an horrible howl;
When had you but seen un, *he*,
You'd a taken up for a wild fowl,
Ri um ti idity a, &c.

No sooner let loose, than he run,
Udzoos full as swift as the mail;
While the butchers dogs join'd in the run,
And followed un close as his tail.
Now my tale I conclude with a with,
That those who'd to cheat the poor try, *they*,
May meet with reception like this,
Especially Monopolizers,
Ri um ti idity a, &c.

Or all the young shepherds that dance on the green,
Fal la!, &c.
There 'not sic a bra lad as my Will to be seen,
Fal la!, &c.
His e'en blue as hare-bells, his cheeks frame the rose;
Fal la!, &c.
And what 's better, his heart with good humour o'erflows,
Fal la!, &c.
The birds sweetly sung, and all nature looks gay,
Fal la!, &c.
When he first told his tale, for the month it was May.
Fal la!, &c.
That his passion was true, I could read in his den;
Fal la!, &c.
And so blushing said, yet, and he call'd me his queen,
Fal la!, &c.

This popular air is written by the same author. The music is by Mr. Sanderford, and published by Longman and Co. Cheapside.—Sung at the Royalty.

"Ah! but," Willy said, "I get my mither's consent;
 Fal lal, &c.
 For should she prove averse, I should ne'er be content."
 Fal lal, &c.
 Then to her we went, when she made this reply,
 Fal lal, &c.
 That were she in my place, she could not him deny.
 Fal lal, &c.
 So to kirk the next morning we trip it away,
 Fal lal, &c.
 When I vow'd the dear loon I would love and obey.
 Fal lal, &c.
 Three years we've been wed, yet I'm in the same mind,
 Fal lal, &c.
 And so shall remain while my Willy proves kind.
 Fal lal, &c.

• THE HIBERNIAN IN LOVE.

Oh! what a great flutter is here in my heart,
 And a queer sort of feel runs through every part,
 With a heigho! dear me! well-a-day!
 I so shiver, that surely an ague I've got,
 But 'tis sometimes a cold one, and sometimes a hot:
 With a heigho! &c.

My nerves all so friskily caper and prance;
 They're certainly learning St. Vitus's dance:
 With a heigho! &c.
 With labour I force up each tremulous note,
 For the words I would utter they stick in the throat:
 With a heigho! &c.
 As sure as I live, I'm in danger of death,
 For no sign to hint at the stoppage of breath:
 With a heigho! &c.
 My pulse comes and goes too, so strangely, good lack!
 I fear it will go, and will never come back:
 With a heigho! &c.
 But when I my charmer shall see,
 Soon will vanish all sorrow and pain;
 Oh! let her bright eyes beam on me,
 Then pleasure will flow in each vein.

** This, and the three following airs, are from Holman's Comic Opera of What a Blunder! sung by Mr. Johnstone, Mrs. Mountain, and Mr. Fawcett; the music by Mr. Davy of Exeter, but not yet published.*

FISHER'S MUSICAL REVIEW

And once let me call her my own
Rapture will crown me each night
Joy then will be mine
Oh! I shall die with delight!

HOPE.

The hope which animates me
And makes me every day
Deceitful joy can never be
No, 'tis the harbinger of bliss

So, when at eve, in slumber
The radiant clouds adorn the skies,
Thus they prepare us to behold
The morrow's bliss in splendour rise.

Yes, I'll indulge the day's belief
That happy morrow is at hand
And trust that when the sun shall rise
Shall never haunt my bosom more
The hope which animates me

SPANISH SEVERITY.

Oh! what a most horrible
I feel at this time
A curse on this nation
That I should be ever caught in it
Yet think not of coldness
Did I ever apprehend
And what a Spanish delight
Why his great holiday
Not a day but a week
But it gives pleasure to you
And the banishment of joy of his sight

Now do not, dear heart, say
A blaze made of me
At some joyful event
On a festival night
They'll set me alight
To make part of a grand illumination
The national taste
In horror is plac'd
Their Escorial's a symbol of malice

They plainly to prove
For torture their love
In a gridiron's shape built a palace

FISHERY MUSICAL REVIEW.

For a fault e'er so small,
Or for aid fault at all,
Here a man dies the death of a sinner,
As gospel 'tis true,
He'll be burnt for a Jew,
Who cannot eat pork for his dinner.

What an idiot was I,
Dear England to fly,
Where good humours so justly is boasted,
Oh, curse on such folk,
As can't take a joke:
Here must I for a frolic be roasted.

ABSENT LOVE.

AGAIN my absent love to meet,
Severest toil with joy I'd greet;
At noon thro' Afric's sands I'd go,
At midnight pace the realms of snow;
When found, such rapture would be mine,
As words can ne'er reveal,
For ah! the bliss of love divine,
The heart can only feel.

* PARTING MOMENTS.

WHILE I hang on your bosom, distracted to lose you,
High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears flow,
Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you,
Did I ever upbraid you? oh! no, my Love, no!

I own it would please me, at home would you tarry,
Nor e'er feel a wish from your Fanny to go,
But if it gives pleasure to you, my dear Harry,
Shall I blame your departure? oh! no, my Love, no!

Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are straying,
That heart, which is mine, on a rival bestow.
Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying.
Do you think I suspect you? oh! no, my Love, no!

I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,
Or plant in a heart which adores you, such woe;
Yet should you dishonour my truth, and deceive me,
Should I e'er cease to love you? oh! no, my Love, no!

* This pleasing air is from *Of Age To-morrow*, sung by Miss De Camp, composed by Mr. Kelly, and published by Corri, Duffeck, and Co. *Haymarket*.

• A BAD BARGAIN BETTER AS NONE.

I'm a Jew you may tell by my beard and my progus,
And some how de folks have found out I'm a Rogue:

Tara! la! la.

It vould be a vonder if dat vahn be true,
Because I'm a Lawyer so well as a Jew.

Fal la! &c.

Of de Lawyer and Oyster you reads in de Boof,
He gave back de shell, but de Oyster he took;
But all other Lawyers at dat I excels,
I first eat de Oyster and den tieve de shells.

I'm become a good Man, (pointing to his money bag) by thus
being deprav'd.

'Pon my conscience 'tis true as I hope to be may'd;
But if Conscience and beads were all equally small,
Ve Lawyers vould never want shav'ing at all.

Once a teef bring me sto'es rare, vat vahn my plan?
I a constable got, and gave charge of my Man;
But to hang a poor wretch on my conscience intrudes;
So to save the Man's life I run off wid de goods.

Dey say dat de Devil will have me, dat's flat,
And I fear vat I'll make a bad bargain of dat;
But this thought in that case to comfort I call,
A bad Bargain's best as no bargain at all.

† PATERNAL LOVE.

You never hear of Mandingo king?
He lost dear daughter in the fight;
But she steal home to his tent at night—
Then merry black man was Mandingo king.

Mandingo king, oh, his heart was glad,

He call his loving subjects round;

And say—"Look here, be dear daughter found,
Go dance to the banja just like mad!"

The king for signal throw big dart,

Oh! then black men shout loud and clear;

And high they jump for his daughter dear,

But none jump so high as her father's heart.

* This whimsical ballad, written by C. Dibdin, jun. is sung by Mr Davis in *Moses and Mammion*, at Sadler's Wells, with great applause.

† This air is from *Obi*, composed by Dr. Arnold, and published by Longman and Co. Cheap side.

BETWEEN FEAR AND COURAGE.

BETWEEN fear and courage, lord! what can be done?

By magical monstrous cross!

BETWEEN fear and courage, lord! what can be done?

I'm like a noun adjective—can't stand alone,

With quivering, quaking,

Shivering, shaking,

Dreadful disaster,

To give up my master;

I'd much rather give up the ghost!

From mere flesh and blood—Honey! Nothing I dread;

To face a whole army dare post;

From mere flesh and blood—Honey! Nothing I dread;

But sprites lift my hat half an inch from my head!

With their rumbling, rumbling,

Thunder-like grumbling,

Neck breaking, shin cracking,

Over straws stumbling,

I shall give up the ghost!

A beautiful head, in its place has a charm,

To kiss its sweet lips be my horn!

A beautiful head, in its place has a charm,

But, Lord! ta'en the thing, when worn under the arm,

With its glaring, glaring,

Grim-like appearing,

Nightful, spitefully, frightfully glaring,

Yes, I shall give up the ghost!

When I raise my spirits, I quaff the full bowl,

A sweet little charmer the toast!

When I raise my spirits, I quaff the full bowl,

For good spirits ever attend a good soul!

—So mayful, playful,

Sprightly the dayful,

Laugh away, quaff away, merry and gayful,

'Sdeath! I shall give up the ghost!

(A groan heard)

A groan! I'll depart; Grave-like orators cease,

Your dumb admonition's not lost!

A groan! I'll depart; Grave-like orators cease,

For 'till I'm departed, I sha'n't rest in peace.

With quivering, quaking,

Shivering, shaking,

Dreadful disaster,

To give up on one's master;

Or mournfully give up the ghost!

* This whimsical air is sung by Mr. Wallack with great effect in the Magic Flute. The music is by that able composer Mr. Sanderson, and published by Longman and Co. Cheapside.

• DICKY THE ROVER.

A BARBER I am, and I dress for the crown,
 With my frizzle deedle dum, and my frizzle deedle dee;
 Though you see by my dressing I'm just tumbled down,
 Tweedle deedle dum, tweedle deedle dee;
 Though my living I get, firs, by frizzing the mob,
 You see that at times, firs, I get an odd job,
 With my tweedle deedle dum, and tweedle deedle dee.
 Oh, poor Dicky, poor Dicky the Rover!
 Oh, poor Dicky, &c.
 Was ever poor barber so neatly done over?
 Oh! oh! oh! over, so neatly done over!

Ye barbers and clerks who are given to roam,
 With my frizzle, &c.
 Take care how you venture too far from your home,
 Tweedle deedle dum, &c.
 Or else you may meet with a new-fashion'd dressing,
 And, instead of a job, get a damnable dressing,
 With my tweedle dum, &c.

† MOCK ITALIAN AIR.

LET us sing a chanta,
 Forte and piano,
 Piggy squeak, and hog he grunta,
 Quite Italiano.

Then allegro, allegretto,
 Coals and cabbage netto,
 Then comes the sweet cadenza,
 And softenuito,
 Like de fluto,
 And then in a damnable frenza.

Then scorum and schezzando,
 And a great many things,
 Madame Banti sings,
 That none of us understando.
 Then with sharps and with flats,
 Like a parcel of cats,

* This comic ballad, written by Mr. Upton, is sung by Mr. Johannot in the popular pantomime of *Don Quixote*, at the Amphitheatre of Arts, Westminster Bridge.

† This air is from the popular pantomime of *Chaos*, by C. Dibdin; the music by Mr. Ruffel; but not yet published.

In a gutter caterwawling,
While encore the folks are bawling,
They bore us away like a bagpipe's drone,
The boxes cry bravo, and the rest Bobbing Joan.

* YOUTH AND AGE.

WHEN old fellows for nurses get hold of young wives,
'Tis like sending for doctors to lengthen your lives,
Or lawyers to settle disputes.
The lawyers and doctors they drain your purse dry;
But for justice and health—oh, dear! that's all my eye,
And young wives make us old fellows brutes.

When a child I cut teeth, a confounded pain!
When a youth I cut capers, got many a sprain;
As I got up in years, cut my corns.
But faith there's no cutting that's equal to tell,
As we married Benedicts know very well,
To cutting your damnable hoins.

† THE BOTTLE AND BIRD.

A PLAGUE on those mortals whom demons bewitch
To starve themselves living, in hopes to die rich!
Here goes the last guinea. I change it with glee,
For my bottle and bird have more raptures for me.
For my bottle, &c.

This takes away hunger; the other conspires
To warm me for Phillis with matchless desires.
Then give me, ye gods, while existence I court,
My bird of true game, and my bottle of port.

When time calls to lead up the dog and the gun,
To the stubble, at day-break, with Dido I run;
There spring the brown covey; and round as they fly,
With an arm ever fatal bring down a supply.

With an arm, &c.

Returning, if chance throws a friend in the way,
We talk of the pleasures and toils of the day;
When I press him sincere, to partake of my sport,
My delicate bird, and my bottle of port.

* This air is from the admired burletta of the Black Pig, and written by C. Dibdin, jun.; composed by Mr. Russel, but not yet published.

† This elegant and much admired air is published by E. Riley, No. 8, Strand; but we have not yet been able to learn the name of the composer.

FISHER'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

47

'Tis wine, rosy wine, gives new comforts to men;
Anacreon look'd plump at an hundred and ten.
With the muse he could sport as the landscape he trod,
And compose his sweet lays with the soul of the god.

And compose, &c.

This theme, still delightful and pleasing to me,
As the sweets of the spring to the taste of the bee,
Like the rosy-brow'd bard, let me constantly sport,
O'er the bird of true game, and my bottle of port.

* THE CHARMS OF JENNET.

ARABIA'S shrubs no odours yield,
Compar'd with Jennet's breath;
Against her eyes no hearts are steel'd,
Their darts are instant death.

The lily of the valley white,
So beautifully clear,
Loses its delicacy quite,
If Jennet's hand be near.

Her jetty locks luxuriant play,
Her cheeks make pale the rose;
Her breath is like the breath of May,
And aquiline her nose.

Her lips two cherries bursting ripe,
The fuller is beneath;
Her voice a sweet melodious pipe,
Two rows of pearl her teeth.

Her person's little, round, and plump,
Her bosom's white and swell'd;
In short, she forms the prettiest lump
I ever yet beheld.

POOR BENOWEE.

SAVE me, save me, white man save me,
Tawney maid do humbly crave ye,
Till she die she grateful be,
Save the life of Benowee,

Poor Benowee, Poor Benowee.

* This and the three following airs are from Mrs. V. Plowden's opera of *Virginia*; which (finding the music is intended to be published by subscription) we lay before our readers, leaving them to decide on their respective merits.

5/71

M/1-

Frank's

π, B-EU

F2

FISHER'S MUSICAL REVIEW.

Hear me, hear me, good man hear me,
Never, never, need you fear me,
While I live, I faithful be,
Pity then poor Benowee.
Poor Benowee, Poor Benowee.

MAN IN THE MOON.

A LIVELY young maiden of blooming eighteen,
Engag'd with young Colin to dance on the green;
He took her soft hand, and he tript it in tune,
Dreamt no more of love, than the man in the moon.
The merry dance ended, dispers'd the gay crowd,
The damsel she curtsy'd, young Colin he bow'd;
A strange odd emotion he felt but too soon,
That made him as mad as the man in the moon.
At length he broke silence, but sigh'd when he spoke,
His air was embarrass'd, she thought it a joke;
He told her his passion; she said, before noon,
Forgotten 'twould be, like the man in the moon.
Then spoke out the swain, "'tis in you I delight;
Dear girl, will you have me?" She answer'd downright,
"In giving a hand without heart there's no boon,
When love's as far off as the man in the moon."

MOGGY AND PEGGY.

YOUNG Moggy and Peggy had sweethearts to meet,
And they fix'd on an evening in May,
The nightingale's song was melodious and sweet,
And the grass was not mown for the hay.
Each swain was impatient his mistress to prove,
And each hop'd in his fair one to find,
That what did appear sweet complacence and love,
Was meant never to serve as a blind.
To show you how women can cheat when they please,
If it suit with their whims or their gains,
Young Moggy and Peggy accomplish'd with ease
A quick marriage with each of their swains.
The very next morning betimes they begun,
Their poor husbands to tease and to vex;
The bridegrooms repented too late what they'd done,
And confess'd they'd been dup'd by the sex.



F I N I S.

Printed by S. Fisher, No. 10, St. John's Lane, Clerkenwell.
Where any favourite composition (post-paid) will be
thankfully received; and if approved of, inserted in our
next.